

good things and other forms of magic by halfwheeze

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Abuse mentioned, F/M, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, M/M, Multi, Other, Richie Tozier & Stanley Urís Are Best Friends, Richie has Shitty Parents, discussion of abuse

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Urís

Relationships: (Hinted ot7), Bill Denbrough/Mike Hanlon/Ben Hanscom/Eddie Kaspbrak/Beverly Marsh/Richie Tozier/Stamley Urís, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-12-13

Updated: 2019-12-13

Packaged: 2019-12-16 15:05:59

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,491

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“Richie has something he’d like to say. No interruptions, even between spurts of what he’s saying. He says he’ll say when he’s done.”

good things and other forms of magic

Author's Note:

Hope you like this! It's not very good!

It's been a long time since the Summer of Generally Bad Shit. Richie and Stan coined that title together the fall after it originally happened, Richie needing badly to make it funny and Stan just needing to make it normal. Today is not one of the days where Richie can make it funny. Today, Richie is shaking in the warm grass, leaning against the tree that grows just outside of their clubhouse. Stan is sitting just across from him, maybe five feet away, Mike laying his head on Stan's lap to look at the sky. Ben, Bill and Bev, the three B's as Richie would call them on better days, are laid out together immediately to Richie's right. Beverly has her hand on his ankle.

Along this description, a person might be wondering exactly where they could find Eddie Kaspbrak. Well, Richie can't really see him. That would be because Eddie is tucked beneath his chin, laying full bodily on him like he always does when Richie feels like he's going to shake out of his skin. He only gets like this once a month, maybe, sometimes he goes longer, but it's enough that they know what to do. But, Richie can't keep it together for much longer. He has to say something. Instead of saying that outright, he whispers something none of the rest of them can hear in Eddie's ear.

"Richie has something he'd like to say. No interruptions, even between spurts of what he's saying. He says he'll say when he's done," Eddie announces in his steady voice, and then Eddie squeezes Richie's middle once before climbing off of him. He's only gone for a moment before he's sitting back down in Richie's lap, this time facing outward towards the rest of the group.

"I - I have some things to say. And I know it's me, but I swear I'm not joking. I have some... corrections to do. I - The most recent - the most recent nightmares, I guess, aren't about Shitshow Summer or my parents, they're about - I need you guys not to react - they're about you guys," Richie says, and despite the request not to react,

there are gasps heard in the afternoon air. Stan looks grief stricken, or maybe just like someone has literally struck him; Stan and Richie have been friends for the longest of any of them.

“Maybe that’s not the best way to say it. Uh. They’re about me. I’m the villain. You guys are... you guys are me and I’m my parents, you dig?” Richie asks, and receives nods, so he continues. “I don’t ever want to have the feeling that you guys don’t know how I feel about you ever again. It’s so... dirty. I hate it. So. It’s not very... trashmouth, but I need to say some shit. I’ll drop some F-bombs to make it more me, I know everybody misses The Motherfuckin’ Trashmouth.” There’s weak laughter after that, but the weakest is Richie’s own.

“I’ll start with the one that’s easiest, right? Eds, god I’m in love with you, you know that. I would never lay a hand on you that you didn’t want. You know that right? You know I’m not like that, right?” Richie says, and he sounds so unsure that Eddie turns a little, pressing a kiss to his boyfriend’s jaw. Richie reciprocates with a kiss on the crown of Eddie’s head, slipping a hand to wrap around Eddie’s.

“Okay, so, uh. Longest love next, right? Uh. God, Stan. I know we joke around a lot, but I adore you, you know that? You’re pretty and unique and always call me on my shit and I love that and I never want you to feel like anything I say to the contrary is ever like... real. I talk so much shit to you, man. That’s shit, man, and you don’t deserve that. I’m so sorry, Stanny,” Richie rambles, and Stan looks like he’s about to interrupt before looking at Eddie and thinking better. Instead, he does a very unStan thing indeed, and drags Mikey over to lay so they both have hands on Richie.

“Uh. Counterclockwise, sure. Mike, man. You’re the strongest person I know, both literally and maybe figuratively. I don’t know, all the Losers are made of tough shit. In my nightmares, I say some pretty fucking heinous shit to you that I will not repeat, but I want you to know that I would never mean that, okay? You’re just as much of a Loser as the rest of us and I love you, and I want you around and I would never mean anything bad I ever said to you, man,” he says, looking at the top of Eddie’s head rather than at Mike by the end of what he was saying. Mike pats his leg, leaving his hand there.

“Okay. Beverly. Bev, Bev, Beverly. The first thing I gotta say is that I would *never* let someone else hit you, let alone hit you myself, okay? I never want to hit someone I care about again, least of all the Losers. You’re beautiful and awesome and a force of nature and I would never wanna fuckin’ do anything to change that. Who else am I gonna bum cigarettes off of, right?” Richie asks, giving a weak laugh at the end of it; Beverly laughs with him, and her hand wraps tighter around his ankle.

“Benny boy. I’m the fucking worst okay? I was your friend and I fucking *fatshamed* you when we were kids. I’m such a fuckin’ dick. Uh, that’s never gonna happen again, okay? You’re really hot and really smart and you could probably design a fucking palace and if anyone ever says anything mean to you ever again I may lose my shit. You know that meme where Rosa Diaz says that this puppy is new but if anything happened to him, she’d kill everyone in the room and then herself? I’ve had you for a couple of years but same,” Richie ends with another laugh, this one a bit stronger and more reassuring. Ben goes for it and grabs the hand that isn’t holding Eddie’s, lacing his fingers through Richie’s.

“And, lastly, Bill. I’m sorry, man. I’m sorry for making you think I was willing to leave you in those shitty sewers for even a second. You must have been so scared. But we’re not talking about Shitshow Summer. We’re talking about Big Bill and fuckin’ Silver and our fearless leader and I’m sorry for talking shit about your stutter because that’s shit. I love you man,” Richie rounds up the group, but he hasn’t said he’s done yet. Bill puts on a hand on the curve of Richie’s hip, just holding on.

“Now, I hate to repeat myself, but I personally think I need to. Friendly reminder that I’m in love with Eddie and I fucking love Stan. That is all, the show’s over,” Richie finishes, hiding his face in Eddie’s hair. Before any of the rest of them can even start reacting, Eddie is turning in Richie’s lap, somehow not displacing any of the rest of them. He places maybe ten kisses on Richie’s face before the rest of them can think to start talking. They all talk at once and then stop when Stan clears his throat above the noise.

“Richard Alexander Tozier. If you ever insinuate I do not enjoy our banter again, I will kill you myself,” Stan says simply, and Richie

quirks a real smile for the first time that afternoon. It's only a moment before both Richie and Stan are laughing hysterically; he doesn't know if he's heard Stan really laugh since the Summer of Generally Bad Shit. It feels good.

Stan broke the tension and it's a good afternoon. No one expects anything of Richie that he isn't readily willing to give, and Eddie never leaves him alone, even when Richie is gross. Richie is kinda always gross, in his own humble opinion, but he knows like breathing that Bev would slap him in the side of the head for saying anything like that. It's a good afternoon, and it's a good year.

They move out of Derry together. They hold on *viciously*, never ever letting a day pass between the seven of them without seeing every single other Loser. They share an apartment that's too small for seven people even though they could afford something bigger. Stan shares the room with Richie and Eddie and they all curl on a queen size mattress that Richie has had since he was fourteen and stupid. Some nights, no one sleeps on the queen size mattress. Some nights, the California King in the bedroom that is officially just Bev's has seven bodies in it, curled together like parenthesis and letters, never careful with how their bodies intersect just for how they can always feel each other there.

It's a good life.

Author's Note:

Kudos and comment!